

stress was laid upon the point of personal surveillance, and it was suggested that he should be compelled, by force if necessary, to show himself twice a day to the governor and to the commissioners.

"Nothing can be more absurd, more impolitic, less generous, and less delicate than the conduct of the English to Napoleon," said Balmain, the Russian representative on the island. The criticism reads rather curiously in the light of his own government's demand for increased rigor in the treatment of the prisoner. The captive emperor did not receive the courtesy that we who are free from the rancors of that day would fain have had accorded him, but it can scarcely be doubted that if he had been in the hands of any of the continental powers he would have fared worse. If, as for a time seemed possible, he had been turned over to the tender mercies of Louis XVIII, as a rebellious French subject, he would probably have been shot, as Marshal Ney was.

THE UNHAPPY HOUSEHOLD OF LONGWOOD.

The whole St. Helena colony, prisoners and jailers, lived in an extraordinary atmosphere of mutual hostility, suspicion, deception, and treachery. Almost every one of the pretended histories that came from the island is tainted with falsehood. O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena" was inspired by the Irish doctor's bitter hatred of Lowe, who had him dismissed from the navy; and Forsyth's "Captivity of Napoleon" proves it to be full of misrepresentations. Las Cases' book is shown by Lord Rosebery to be "an arsenal of spurious documents," containing the most daring and most dangerous forgeries. Gourgaud says that the count kept a *journal faux*; what purpose this spurious diary served is not clear, but it does not increase our confidence in its author. O'Meara declares that Montholon was untruthful. Antommarchi was undoubtedly so. His

treatment of the malady that finally killed Napoleon was so unsatisfactory that the emperor took a violent dislike to him, refused to see him, and dismissed him with a scathing letter. Of all this, in his book on "Les Derniers Moments de Napoleon," the Florentine doctor says not a word; on the contrary, he represents himself and his patient as conversing together on terms of intimacy to the last.

The men of Napoleon's petty court were bitterly jealous of one another. "Longwood," said Bertrand, "is made detestable by their disputes." Gourgaud challenged Montholon to a duel, and broke into vehement protests when the emperor wrote a too friendly note to Las Cases. The exiled Frenchmen were beset by deadly weariness. "*Ennui*," "*Je pleure*," are typical entries in Gourgaud's diary.

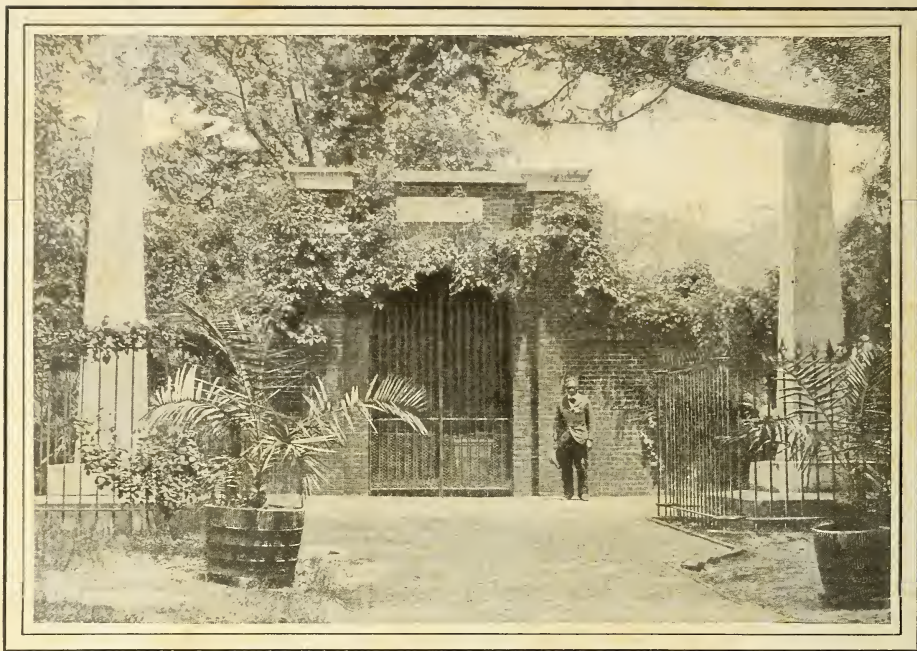
Napoleon himself, inconsistent as ever, sometimes endured his fate with philosophic fortitude, and sometimes boiled with futile rage. He had very little intercourse with any but the members of his household. He never left the neighborhood of Longwood, because he would not submit to Lowe's regulation that a British officer must accompany him on any more distant excursion. The foreign commissioners were debarred from the house, because he declined to receive them in an official capacity, and they refused to come in any other. With the British naval and military officers he held practically no intercourse; Admiral Malcolm he could tolerate, though he called him a "*sot*"; to Lowe he never spoke after the first three months, and written communication was cut off by the fact that the governor would not allow the use of the imperial title, while Napoleon would look at no paper without it.

The story of the dethroned emperor's six years of imprisonment at St. Helena would be positively comical if it were not so pathetic.

QUATRAIN.

Who hath no need of pain
To chasten and control,
God pity him, for he must be
Dwarfed and infirm of soul.

C. L. Story.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TOMB IN THE GROUNDS OF MOUNT VERNON, HIS HOME IN VIRGINIA—WITHIN THE VAULT ARE TWO MARBLE SARCOPHAGI CONTAINING THE BODIES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE. THERE IS NO INSCRIPTION STATING THAT HE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Tombs of Our Presidents.

BY FRANCIS M. PALMER.

ARE WE NEGLECTFUL OF OUR GREAT DEAD?—BUT THREE OF OUR PRESIDENTS HAVE NATIONAL MONUMENTS, AND THE GRAVE OF ONE IS MARKED ONLY BY A MAGNOLIA TREE—THE SUGGESTION OF A PRESIDENTIAL CEMETERY OR MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL.

WHEN, a little while ago, the sorrowing thoughts of the nation journeyed with the funeral train that bore President McKinley for the last time to Canton, the questions must have come to many: "Why are our Presidents, our leaders, suffered to rest at last in remote obscurity? Is it wise that the memory of them, which mound and monument perpetuate, should be a matter of mere local pride or of family affection? Is it not possible that a great Presidential cemetery or cathedral might not only testify to the honor in which the country has held its chiefs,

and to the affection it has often bestowed upon the men who were those chiefs, but might also be an inspiration and a source of uplifting to all who should look upon it?"

As we "advance" and "progress" individually, we sometimes affect to grow superior to the influence of memorials. Our fathers and mothers were wont to make devout pilgrimages to the churchyards where those of their name or race slept; they felt it a shame to themselves if they failed to erect monuments commensurate in beauty with the love they bore the dead. To keep green

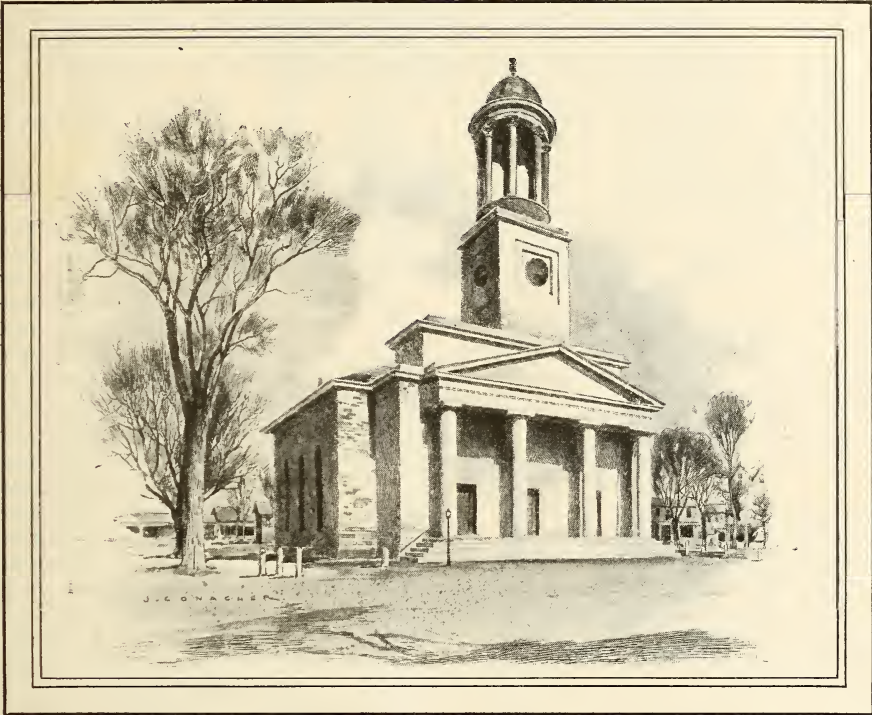
the turf and fair the flowers about the churchyard mounds was to the past generation an act of devotion that was not left to hired memory to perform.

DO WE FITLY HONOR OUR DEAD?

Nowadays it has grown to be somewhat the fashion to affect superiority to the simple, sweet old customs by which we once bore witness to love and sorrow. Proclaiming that we do not wish

mining factor in our lives. To visit the graves of our own lowly dead is to renew the love and dimly to understand "the communion of saints." To visit the graves of the great dead is inspiration and strength. Why, then, should it not be possible for all of us to stand by the memorials of the men who have been our leaders?

William McKinley, the type of American citizen of whom we are proudest,



THE OLD FIRST CHURCH AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS—JOHN ADAMS, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS SON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SIXTH PRESIDENT, ARE BURIED IN VAULTS UNDER THE PORTICO OF THE CHURCH.

to think of our friends as dead, we avoid pilgrimages to their burial places. Announcing that we will "show our respect in other ways"—by which we imply that we will endow schools in their names and lead holy lives in their memory—we refuse to take part in the elaborate mortuary rites of the earlier days. Yet in our hearts we all know that only while we think of the actual places where our friends lie buried as sacred earth, fit shrines for devout and tender journeys, is their influence strong upon us, and our love for them a deter-

lies in Canton, the woods and fertile fields of Ohio stretching away in unbroken level to the horizon around him. Abraham Lincoln rests under a flamboyant monument at Springfield, Illinois. Beneath the portico of an austere New England church the Adamses are buried. Soldiers, statesmen, leaders—all are widely scattered. Except the tomb of Grant on Riverside Drive in New York and that of Washington within easy reach of the capital, most of the Presidents' graves are beyond the chance of visitation by any great num-

ber of the citizens of the republic which they served.

THE FAMOUS MEMORIALS OF OTHER LANDS.

In other countries it is otherwise. All the force which the erection of great monuments can give to the principles that any ruler held is given. The effect of memorial buildings and tablets is not underestimated. In England, though there is no single great regal burial place, yet none of the line of kings is without his fitting memorial. Indeed, the warriors, the casual statesmen, and the writers of England have more enduring monuments than the Presidents of the United States. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are places which even the alien cannot visit without the breathlessness of awe and of deep feeling. And what has not the tomb of Napoleon meant to the French since the day when, nearly twenty years after his death, he was brought back from his island of exile to the city of his pride, and buried with all imaginable pomp in the Hôtel des Invalides?

Not to the French alone has his tomb

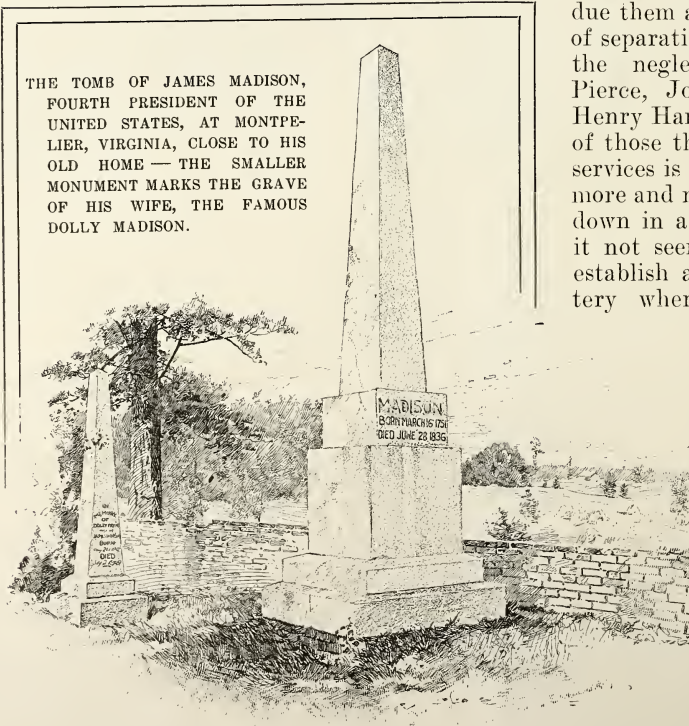
been a shrine; and it is not only thoughts of splendor and glory that it has awakened. One of the finest of modern orations began in the reflections that crowded upon Robert Ingersoll as he stood there—an oration that weighed glory and warlike achievement against other things, and found them lacking. There is no danger that in the erection of a public monument to a man there may be bound up the perpetuation of his mistakes, or the continuance of his ideals after new and better ones have come to the world. On the contrary, the "storied urn" of one whose methods are outgrown, whose ambitions are renounced, is not without its effect as argument for a new order of things.

WHERE OUR PRESIDENTS ARE BURIED.

This idea of a monumental lesson in history, of national tradition made manifest, has had no expression in this country so far as our Presidents have been concerned. From Massachusetts to Illinois they lie singly, their graves oftentimes neglected. As time goes on, unless there occurs some change in our attitude towards the honors due them after death, the area of separation will be wider and the neglect more palpable. Pierce, John Tyler, William Henry Harrison, the whole list of those the memory of whose services is growing dim, will be more and more mere names set down in a school book. Does it not seem almost a duty to establish a Presidential cemetery where, in imperishable

stone, the remembrance of the whole line may be preserved? Does it not seem a plain duty to see to it that the last resting places of the chief magistrates of the United States are so cared for as to be witnesses of the national respect for the office, if nothing more?

THE TOMB OF JAMES MADISON, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT MONTPELIER, VIRGINIA, CLOSE TO HIS OLD HOME — THE SMALLER MONUMENT MARKS THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE, THE FAMOUS DOLLY MADISON.

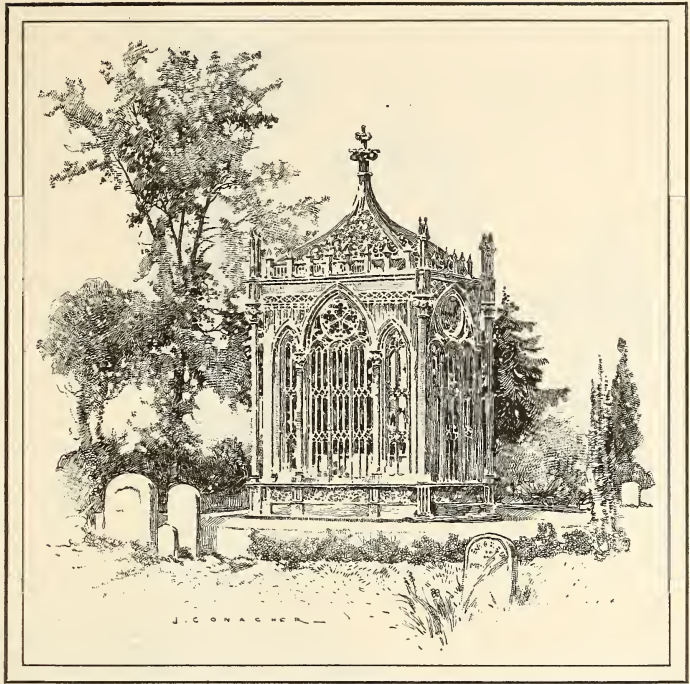


Does not the tragedy through which the nation has just passed indicate that the more honor is shown to the office and to the man who serves the country in it, the less incentive there will be to the weak or the vicious to dishonor the office and so the country?

As things are now, not only is there no Presidential cemetery showing by its splendors the veneration the nation has for the men who assume the heavy responsibilities of leadership, but there are churchyard monuments of Presidents which make no mention of the exalted office they held. This seems more like democracy abashed and ashamed than democracy triumphant. And perhaps in this jaunty, undignified neglect to mention what ought to be regarded as a very high honor and a very serious and earnest service is the root of the flippant attitude towards the responsibilities of civil office which is too common.

GRAVES OF THE EARLY PRESIDENTS.

The first Presidential tombstone to ignore the office was that of George Washington. In the vault at Mount Vernon his sarcophagus and that of his wife Martha lie side by side. Daily, hundreds of visitors stand with bowed and uncovered heads before the iron grating and gaze into the tomb before they wander through the stately Southern house or ramble over the grounds of the estate that George Washington loved. But there is no inscription to recall the fact that he was once President of the United



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONROE, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—MONROE DIED IN NEW YORK, AND WAS INTERRED THERE, BUT HIS BODY WAS AFTERWARDS REMOVED TO RICHMOND, WHERE THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

States. The tablet simply states that the remains of General George Washington are inclosed within.

Upon Madison's tombstone, too, there is no mention of his Presidency. Indeed, his grave went unmarked altogether for twenty years, and then was found with difficulty in the middle of a field near Montpelier, Virginia. Now only his name and the dates of his birth and death are recorded. Near by is the monument of his wife, the famous Dolly Madison.

Almost equally neglected was the grave of William Henry Harrison, who was buried in a vaulted tomb at North Bend, Ohio. The door of the vault grew rusty on its hinges, the stucco—for we have not always used the ageless marble of Carrara for our Presidents' monuments—peeled off; moss darkened the stones, and weeds choked the path that led to the tomb. In 1897 his grandson, himself a President, built over the grave a new mausoleum of rough faced



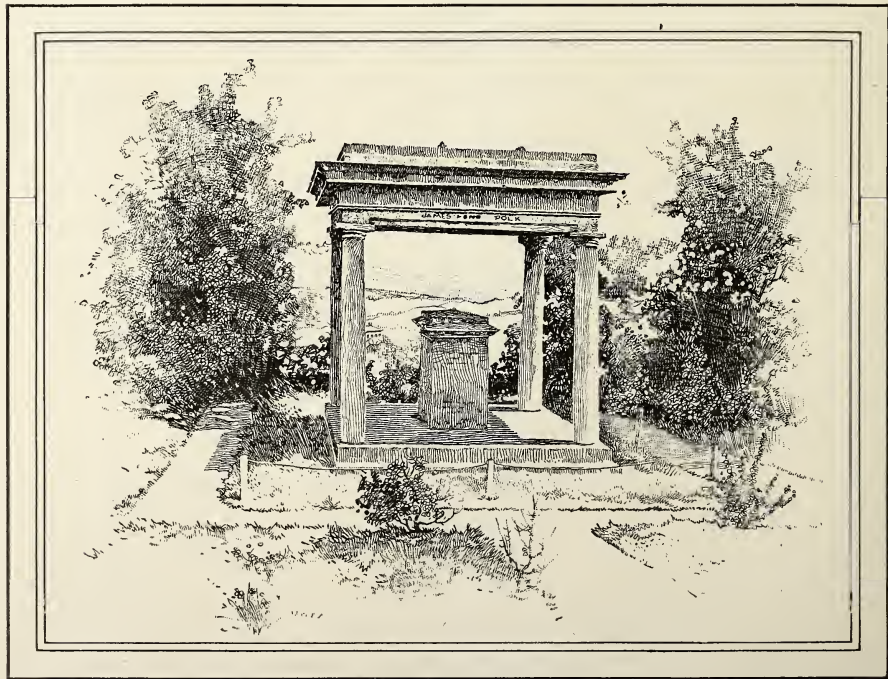
THE TOMB OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, SEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHOSE BODY LIES WITH THAT OF HIS WIFE IN THEIR HOMESTEAD, THE HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Millard Fillmore's grave in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, makes no mention of his occupancy of the White House. Rutherford B. Hayes lies in Oakwood Cemetery, at Fremont, Ohio, with no line to tell that once he was the chief magistrate of the nation.

A GRAVE MARKED BY A TREE.

President Tyler has not even a stone to mark the place where he lies in Richmond; only a magnolia tree shakes its thick, creamy blossoms upon his grave in annual remembrance. Near by stands the tomb of Monroe, a sort of small Gothic chapel in wrought iron. Monroe died and was first buried in New York, but later, the

Virginia Legislature appropriating a sum for the purpose, his body was



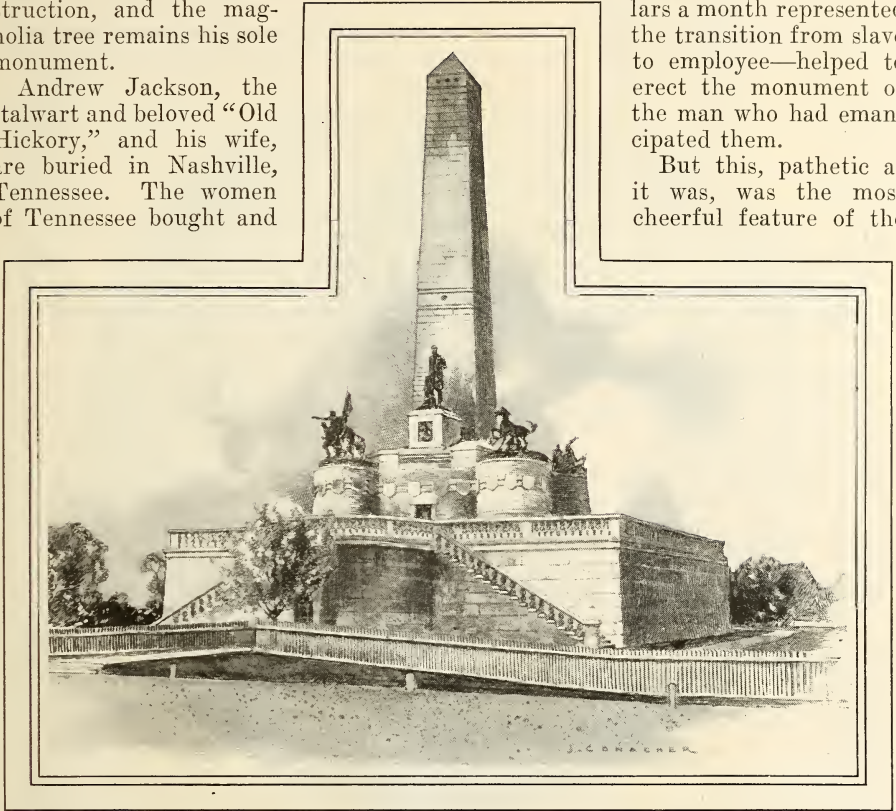
THE TOMB OF JAMES K. POLK, ELEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN THE GROUNDS OF POLK PLACE, HIS HOME AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE. HIS WIFE IS BURIED UNDER THE SAME MONUMENT.

removed to Richmond and reinterred in Hollywood Cemetery. Virginia had meant to do equally well by Tyler, and in 1862 appropriated a sum for a monument to him; but in the stress and trouble of the Civil War the project was temporarily abandoned. It was not resumed with the reconstruction, and the magnolia tree remains his sole monument.

Andrew Jackson, the stalwart and beloved "Old Hickory," and his wife, are buried in Nashville, Tennessee. The women of Tennessee bought and

For the monument to Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, two hundred thousand dollars was collected—twenty-eight thousand from the soldiers of the Civil War. Of this eight thousand came from the negro troops, who thus out of the first money they had ever earned—for that pitiful thirteen dollars a month represented the transition from slave to employee—helped to erect the monument of the man who had emancipated them.

But this, pathetic as it was, was the most cheerful feature of the



THE MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS. MRS. LINCOLN IS BURIED BESIDE HER HUSBAND.

presented to the State the corner where these tombs are. But for the most part the monuments of the Presidents have not been expressions of public honor to a great man or of the public pride of his State. They have depended for their erection and subsequent care upon the diminishing regard of successive generations of the family.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

Three Presidents, however, have had not merely public monuments, but national—Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant.

Lincoln monument. Architecturally, the structure is not satisfactory. It is said to have been badly built. It was a shabby pile of bricks veneered with granite, run up on a gravel bank with such a scamped foundation that, though it was three times reconstructed, it has lately had to be torn down completely and rebuilt. The bronzes that embellished it echoed the hysterical excitement of the war. Battle, murder, and sudden death ran riot over it. Such scenes were depicted as sinking ships, cavalry charges, fragments of human bodies hurled into the

air by underground explosions, and men running and pointing to the flaming hole. Whether they aroused unworthy passions in the minds of visitors it is not for me to say, but for these many years it has been impossible to grow a single blossom near the monument. A perfect madness for mutilation obsessed

martyred dust for a ransom. Two men were sent to State's prison for this. In all, Lincoln's body has been moved ten or twelve times since his burial.

THE TOMBS OF GARFIELD AND GRANT.

It was not alone the tragic fate of Lincoln that moved our hearts. He was



THE GRANDEST TOMB IN AMERICA—THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK. IT WAS BUILT AT A COST OF FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, RAISED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION, AND WAS DEDICATED ON APRIL 27, 1897.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company.

those who saw it. The metallic caps were picked and pried off the ventilators; every bit of glass about the tomb was smashed and carried away; the stones and bricks were chipped, and projecting parts of bronzes broken off.

But the massive monument did not suffice to keep the body of the great emancipator secure. Attempts, were made to rob the grave and to hold the

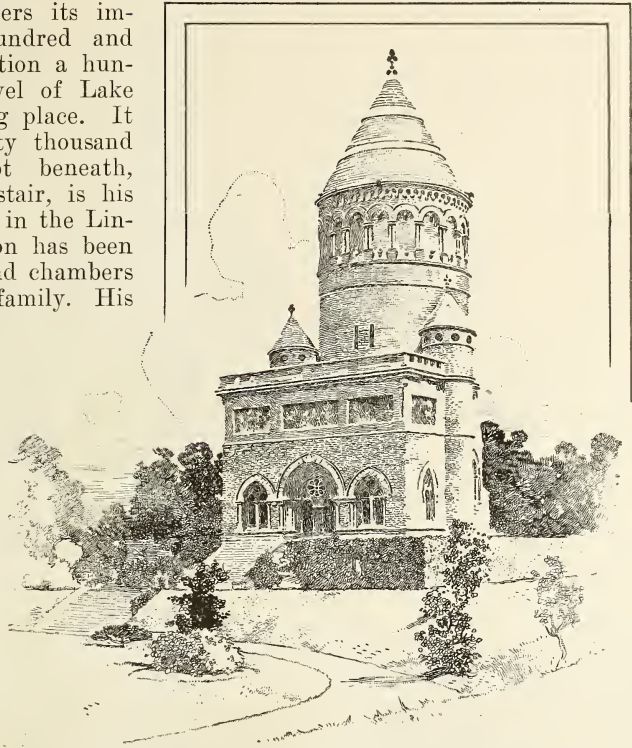
a strong and lovely character, a man tested to the uttermost and responding nobly, a statesman, a great President. In the case of Garfield it is probable that we were most moved by his sufferings, long and patiently endured. The silver star that marked the fatal spot in the waiting room of the railway station at Washington, where Guiteau shot him down, has been removed, but the monu-

ment in Cleveland towers its imposing height of a hundred and eighty feet on an elevation a hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie to mark his resting place. It cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the crypt beneath, reached by a winding stair, is his bronze sarcophagus. As in the Lincoln monument, provision has been made by many vaults and chambers for the interment of his family. His mother is already buried there. In the Grant monument there is place only for Mrs. Grant, a vacant sarcophagus standing beside her husband's.

From the date of Garfield's burial in 1881 to that of the tomb's completion in 1890, an armed sentry day and night patrolled before the receiving vault.

Of the three national monuments, that of Grant is doubtless the most satisfying. It is a noble memorial, nobly placed, and happily inscribed with his own words: "Let us have peace." Time has robbed Grant of none of his glory in the eyes of his countrymen. Indeed, the regard for the strong, silent man has grown. His triumphal progress around the world—a journey unparalleled in history—filled us with pride. But the affection we felt for him when afterwards, an old man, he became the innocent victim of a financial crash, was even deeper. Since all our Presidents have not had adequate memorials built to them, at any rate we can all rejoice that Grant has been so honored.

The great soldier's monument on the park slope above New York's stately river is truly an imposing pile. It is a hundred and sixty five feet high and ninety feet square, and its classic design is a credit to its architect, John H. Duncan. One could wish that on a site so noble, consecrated to the memory of a man so great, might stand a structure so magnificent that its grandeur might



THE TOMB OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, TWENTIETH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN LAKEVIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND, OHIO—GRANT, LINCOLN, AND GARFIELD ARE THE ONLY PRESIDENTS THAT HAVE NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

almost smite the breath from the beholder, that one might feel awed into submission. It seems to me that something is lacking, I am not architect enough to tell you what. Possibly it is the perfection of proportion that detracts from its strength. But once within, the grave simplicity, the large and lofty spaces, the cool blue silence, the bared head, the look over the marble rail into the round well where the two sarcophagi of red granite stand side by side, the one complete but its occupant waiting, the other yet empty but also waiting, waiting—will he know, somehow, do you think, when she joins him in that last, long sleep? Ah, it touches the heart with profoundest peace. It is worthy. We are content.

WHY NOT A PRESIDENTIAL BURYING PLACE ?

All these failures, complete or partial, to make the funeral monuments of the Presidents true and lasting memorials,



THE TOMB OF CHESTER A. ARTHUR, TWENTY FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN RURAL CEMETERY, ALBANY—THE MONUMENT REPRESENTS AN ANGEL LAYING A PALM LEAF ON THE DEAD PRESIDENT'S SARCOPHAGUS.

seem to indicate the desirability of a new system. Is there not, in the idea of a Presidential cemetery, planned on a scale of greatness commensurate with the greatness of the country and the importance of the office, a pleasing security against more cases of unpatriotic forgetfulness and of unpatriotic ugliness? Such a cemetery would surely be planned by the most distinguished landscape artists the country possessed, the monuments would surely be executed by the best of our sculptors, and the day of hideous, hodgepodge memorials would be past.

Yet in the idea of a national cemetery there is perhaps a flaw. The tender melancholy of the churchyard is not without its beneficent influence, but its beauty is varying and its effect perhaps less inspiring than the other form of memorial. A national cemetery, no matter how splendidly planned, must have its less lovely days, when the winds have despoiled its branches and the rain its turf. But in storm as well as in sun-

shine, with winter's snows upon its ledges or with the blossoms of its surrounding acres in their summer beauty, a noble church would be always at its best, always an uplifting, heartening influence. Added to the thought of those in whose perpetual memory it was built, would be the magnificent structure itself to inspire all who saw it with the pride and the joy of its beauty.

Such a structure at Washington, in sight of the winding river that in due time flows by the first President's home, in sight of the great white shaft reared to him, in sight of the simple White House where the long line of Presidents has lived and labored—what a thing of beauty and of national glory it might be made! A cathedral is no small undertaking. But in America we have resources which would make its erection not too herculean a task. And best of all, in building such a one as this would be, we have men to honor and deeds to commemorate as great as any recorded in all the pages of the world's history.